The Wellesley Magazine

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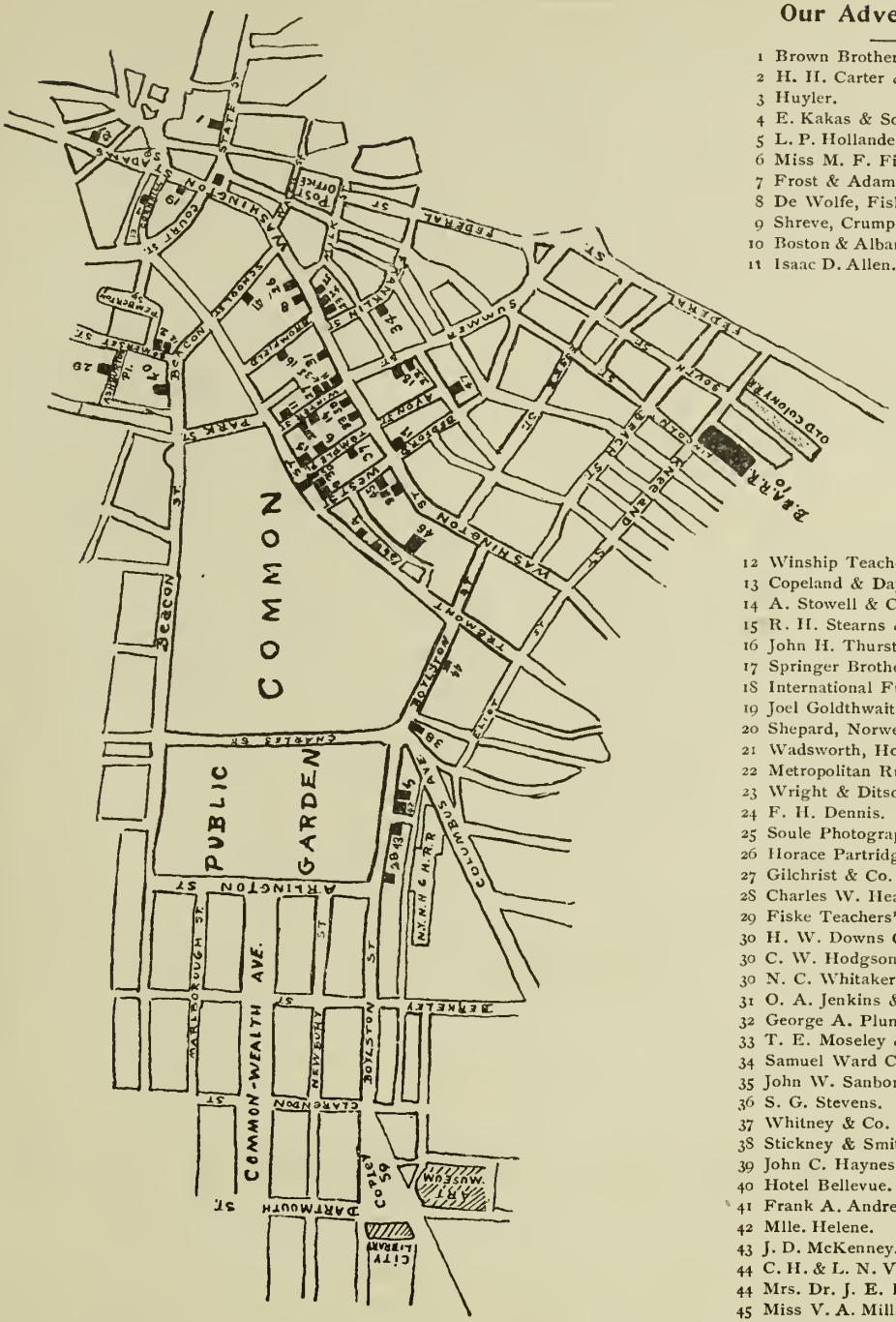

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THE NATURE OF THE COLLEGE SHORT STORY.

I HAVE been rummaging in the dark closet of Elocution Hall, looking over old files of the Magazine in search of an article with a long name, written for one of the earliest numbers. I found "The Joy of Life in Wordsworth and Browning," "The Gospel of Repose Taught by Matthew Arnold," and "Forecasts of the Future in 'Paracelsus' and 'In Memoriam,'" but what I wanted was missing. It was something about the contribution of Napoleonic thought to the literature of the world. I fear it was in the corner where the dust lay too thick to penetrate. The change which a short five years has made in titles and subject matter suggested to me a line of thought already well worn, but none the less interesting for that.

We remember the general protest against the number of so-called "heavy articles" in our student periodicals, and the demand for something which

should reflect college life and thought on its lighter side. The result of this has been that at the present day, college magazines abound in the short story, either with the direct college setting or with its interest centered in something aside from collegiate life, yet reflecting more or less successfully the student point of view. Besides the change in the nature of the periodicals, has come the rapid increase in the books of college short stories, until, today, many of the Eastern colleges have their little volume of tales or collection of verse. "Harvard Stories" was published in 1893, and since then have come "Princeton Stories" and "Yale Yarns," "Cap and Gown," "Wellesley Girls," "At Wellesley," and others less widely known. At a time when the press is issuing so many periodicals of the nature of the "Blue Stocking" and the "Black Cat," we turn critically to the college story to see if there is anything vital and distinctive about it, and whether it is worth the time and pains often put upon it in the midst of the many interests of college life.

The criticism sometimes made upon these stories is, that they have good plots and are cleverly told, but that they seldom touch upon the deepest forces at work in college life. I would not like to be called pedantic, or to seem unappreciative of the books of fun and escapade we keep upon our shelves, but is there not justice in the criticism? It is not that we would leave the lighter side untold, but that we look for something else as well. We turn to the stories of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, and we find the inevitable ball game and the race, the student in a scrape, the love tale, and the practical joke. In the stories of girls' colleges there is much evident love of the picturesque setting, seen in the frequent use of Founder's Day, Commencement, and Float, and we like it. There is no one of us who does not have a genuine little thrill of pleasure when we come upon "Where, oh where are the grand old seniors!" and a vivid description of one of Wellesley's most attractive days. We like to have other people read it, too, and dispel the notion, not yet entirely passed away, that college life is all a grind. But the question is, whether we are not leaving out something equally interesting. The sketches are few which let us into the inner life of things,—the traditions, the college spirit which both shapes the student, and which the student himself helps to shape. There is an influence which we all recognize but perhaps cannot embody in written form, which works

itself out varyingly in different types among us, smoothing off rough edges, bringing out new desires, aims, and ambitions, all of which mark the stages of individual development, which is the richest gift of college life. The true worth of the spirit of fellowship, the shoulder-to-shoulder sort of thing, in which the narrow, personal point of view is broadened, and becomes more nearly identified with the interests of others, is rarely emphasized in the popular college story. It lacks a certain humanness and sympathetic handling of every-day things. It treats rather of the startling event, the exceptional days, and has its crisis in the incident rather than in the individual life. The class book of Wellesley stories illustrates this: They have carefully worked out plots, and, as a rule, are based on some amusing or slightly unusual event. Nearly every one makes use of some outside material to determine the action of the plot. In six out of ten it is a man or a small boy. In the one or two sketches which touch upon the close bond of sympathy between the students, and the more commonplace happenings, the workmanship is less strong. All this suggests the rather pessimistic question as to whether it is possible for the college student, living in the midst of the things he is trying to portray, to satisfactorily reflect the life about him without the advantage of a perspective. He can feel the influences which are shaping him and making life a more real and beautiful thing than it has been before, but can he at the same time reveal to others that which he feels, and which some one has called "the glorious thrill of the student in the presence-chamber of truth?"

There is, however, another and more hopeful side to the problem as to the value of the work we do in writing. Besides the college story, strictly speaking, the adequacy of which as a reflection of college life has been questioned, there is the story with its interest centered in something outside of collegiate life, still dealing with character or incident from the student point of view. The greater number of our Magazine stories come under this broader classification. As to the worth of trying to express that which we see at a fair perspective and are more truly able to interpret, though it may be with many errors of vision, much may surely be said. There can be no doubt that it is good to struggle for strong workmanship and the best expression of thought. Moreover, there are certain qualities which it would seem possible to attain. We can learn how to tell a story in an interest-

ing way, and work out a clear, direct style. We can be broad-minded enough in what we say to free our stories from a purely sectional interest, so that they will be as attractive to a student of the University of California as to a student at Wellesley. It would seem possible, too, to put into our writing that which an editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* calls "the spirit of energetic earnestness" which dominates other phases of our life, and should find expression in the world of letters as well. Above all, we can make the thing we call motif wholesome, natural, and sympathetic. By that, I do not mean something vague or visionary. I have in mind, as I write, a story, which many of us remember, written for our own Magazine not long ago. It was perfectly simple, with no attempt at clever wording or psychological analysis. We liked it because it appealed to a common experience, and was human to the very core. It was the story of a small boy who longed to go to the circus, but could not, because his father had no money for him. He was brave about it, and sat cheerfully on the fence to watch the "p'rade" go by. When the man with the elephants saw him a beautiful thing happened, for the man promised him a ticket for the show, on condition that he would help care for the animals. So the little fellow, faithful to his bargain, worked all the hot forenoon, trudging back and forth with heavy pails of water. When the time for the performance came, and he stood at the door of the great tent with aching arms and shining eyes, the elephant man failed him, and the manager drove him sharply away when he begged to see "just one little side show." As he walked slowly home, struggling to keep back the tears and swallow the lump in his throat, he said, brokenly, "I never even saw one little monkey, and me a'workin' so hard all day." It touched us, I suppose, because each one of us remembered times when we had seen no little monkey all day.

There is an old principle of the art of rhetoric which says that the first rule of good speaking is that the mind of the speaker should know the truth of what he is going to say. In that principle, which has equal significance in the case of the written word, lies much encouragement. If we can grasp a thought which has in it a bit of the truth, and can hold it steadily until the light falls clear upon it, there cannot help being honest value in our work, however far it may be from possessing high literary merit.

JOSEPHINE L. BATCHELDER, '96.

OLD FRIENDS.

My grandmother was born in New York State, near the watering places of Saratoga and Ballston Spa. After a few years of married life in her old home, the loss of her husband and a reverse in the family fortunes caused her to desire new scenes and people, rather than places familiar to her from childhood and friends whose very names could not but remind her painfully of the past. Accordingly she sold the homestead, and with her two young daughters left the neighborhood. For one reason and another she did not go back to her old home for many years; and when she did return, I, as her youngest granddaughter, was chosen to go with her. The visit was to me an expedition into the fabled land of fairy, and I prize the memory of it the more, that it was the only time my dear grandmother revisited the country, which was like none other; her death in the year following this summer ended rudely our plans for other like journeys.

The visit to the old town was made the pleasanter by our finding a welcome in the very house where grandmother was born. The present owners of the house were cousins of hers, many times removed, and their hospitality did all that was needed to fill the measure of her contentment. Cousin Samuel, especially, gave his time to her service, and it was to Cousin Samuel that grandmother came one morning with a request.

"My dear cousin," said she, "there is an old friend of whom some one was speaking yesterday, whom I should greatly like to see. It is Mr. Stopford, —Judge, he is now, they tell me. Would it be agreeable to you to take me to his house at some time when we are in Saratoga? His home is now in Saratoga, is it not?"

Cousin Samuel replied that the Judge was an old friend of his father's, that he should be delighted to drive us over to the town that day for our morning airing; whereupon my grandmother fluttered away to her chamber, to array herself in her best for the visit.

As we neared the town, my grandmother was stirred by a gentle excitement. She sat upright, her gray-gloved hands folded precisely in her lap, her eyes following a little wistfully the rows of new houses on either side of the road. Her cheeks were a girlish pink under the soft, white puffs of her

hair. The tightly drawn silk of her sleeves glistened without a wrinkle as the sun shone on it, and her beautiful shoulders still showed much of their youthful comeliness.

"Mr. Stopford is a very old friend of mine, my dear," she said to me. "He is much older than I am. I knew him when I was a young girl. He used to come over from town very often to see my sister Elizabeth. I have not seen him for forty-six years. It is not likely that he will remember me at all."

"You remember the old Winstead place?" said Cousin Samuel, from the front seat. "They have let it go now; it was sold last spring. A Colorado man bought it, and he keeps it very well, too. Sumner Winstead couldn't afford to hold it. A fine old place."

"I remember it very well," returned grandmother, with an absent little smile. "The Alansons were living there when I knew it: they were cousins of the old Judge by his mother's side, and they lived there after his wife died until Henry married. I knew the Alanson girls very well. I went to a dancing party there once, when I was fifteen; it was my first party, and I remember everything about it. I remember the frock I wore, and how I lost my coral bracelet in the garden. Yes, I know the old place well."

"The Alansons are all gone, now," said Cousin Samuel. "A great part of the old places are given up to strangers. Here is the Canwell house; and the next on the left is the old Tracy place. There is nobody in the old Willis house this summer, though the Willises bought it back last year."

"The town is greatly changed," assented grandmother, but she still smiled.

"The Judge's place is the second on the right hand," said Cousin Samuel, turning down into a quiet, elm-shaded street. "It used to be his uncle's, I believe, but that was before my time. As far back as I can remember, the Judge has been living here."

"The house looks much as it used," said my grandmother, settling her finery with a stately little shrug as the horses stopped. "Henry Stopford never used to believe in changing things every year or two to keep them in the fashion. The blinds, though, are a lighter color than they used to be when I came here last. The evergreen hedge, too, is taken away; I suppose it began to die out, so that they had to cut it. But there is very little change."

Cousin Samuel fastened the horses, and came to the side of the surrey, to help her to alight. Grandmother arranged the lace at her throat with a final touch and pat of her gloved fingers, then, with the aid of his hand, sprang to the ground as lightly as a girl. She stood upon the broad, gray stone flagging a stately, slender little figure, the gray silk gown shimmering in the few chance sunbeams that fell between the elm twigs overhead, a faint pink flushing her cheeks, her eyes very blue and bright, and her hair very soft under her prim little gray bonnet. I saw Cousin Samuel look his admiration, and my grandmother accepted it as her due, and with a gratified indifference.

"I should not have come to see Mr. Stopford if he were not such an old friend, a family friend," said she, with a pretty flutter of dignity, as we passed up the long, shaded path toward the house. "But because he is such an old friend, I felt that I should like to come. I may not be able to come into this part of the country again, and both of us are growing old."

I knew that grandmother was sixty-eight, but her smile might have been that of sixteen.

"Judge Stopford is much older than I," she continued. "There is as much as ten or twelve years' difference between us, I believe. In one way it is more suitable that I should come to see him, than that I should expect him to drive over to see me. He must be a very old gentleman now. I should not feel at liberty to ask him to make the journey. He may be quite unable. Besides, very likely he has forgotten even who I am."

Cousin Samuel's knock was answered by an old man-servant, who, upon recognizing him, invited us to go through the hallway into the garden, where his master was. Grandmother slipped her hand through Cousin Samuel's arm, and they went forward unannounced. I followed.

"Of course," said my grandmother, sweeping her silken skirts free of the doormat with her right hand, "I have no idea that Mr. Stopford will remember me. We have not met for many, many years. I am quite sure that Judge Stopford will have forgotten me." She dropped her skirts as we came out upon the level grass, arranging her dress with quaint precision.

"I will introduce you," returned Cousin Samuel. "He will remember your father and mother, at any rate, because he spoke of them only last winter, when I saw him in Albany. He will be glad to know that you are their daughter."

Grandmother did not answer, and we went on down the wide gravel path between the flower-beds. At a little distance an alley led out from it down through a little forest of tall rosebushes. The roses were in the prime of their June flowering, and the great bushes on either side were heavy with blooms. Down this alley, and perhaps ten steps or so away from us, stood a tall old gentleman. He carried a book under his arm, but he was leaning heavily upon his stick and bending forward to look down into the cup of a half-open red rose. He wore no hat, and his long hair was silver white. There was an indescribable air of courtliness about his black dress and frilled shirt-front.

"There he is," said Cousin Samuel. Grandmother withdrew her hand from his arm, and Cousin Samuel went forward a step or two. The other heard him and turned. I saw that his eyes were large and brilliant, and dark almost to blackness under his bushy white brows. His features were strong and irregular. His look was rarely winning. Book and stick were laid on a convenient garden seat when he saw us. He came toward us; his step was strong and vigorous. He extended his hand.

"Samuel Perry! My dear sir, this is a most unexpected, but most timely pleasure! I have not seen you for a number of months. I live very much out of the world, now. I am most gratified at your remembrance of me."

Cousin Samuel took his hand. "Thank you; I am most happy to be able to come," said he. "Frederick told me that you were in the garden, and so I ventured to come out. We drove over to town on purpose to see you, indeed. I have with me an old friend of yours, whom you may very likely have forgotten, but who wished to see you before she leaves us. Do you remember ——"

Grandmother did not let him finish. With an impatient little start she rustled past him and stood before Judge Stopford.

"I dare say that you do not recognize me, Judge Stopford," she began.

He interrupted her. "Indeed, indeed I do." He bowed an old-time, courtly obeisance. "You are Nancy Day, Mrs. ——" He hesitated; then, in apology, "I have forgotten your married name."

Grandmother flushed with pleasure, and held out her hand. "I did not believe that you would know me," said she.

The Judge bowed low over her hand. "I should have known you anywhere," he replied. "You are very little changed. The years have treated you only kindly, I perceive."

Grandmother met the admiration of his handsome eyes with the unruffled pleasure of one to whom conquest and the homage of adoring worshipers are but pretty incidents of every day. Confidence was in every turn of her head; her shoulders under her tight silk gown settled themselves to a quaint little stiffness, in the pride of dominion. She dropped at once back into the set phrases and formalisms that made up the small talk of society before the days of Andrew Jackson.

"I am most flattered that you remember me," said she.

"I had no choice but to remember," quoth the Judge.

"We have not met for very long."

"No; not for many years. In many ways I am greatly changed; I realize it. Time has scarcely ventured to touch you."

"Years!" she repeated.

"Had I guessed that you were near, I should assuredly have tried to see you," said the Judge.

"You did not. I was forced to seek you," she returned.

"Your coming pardons my neglect; and, believe me, I am sensible of your goodness." With this the Judge drew my grandmother's hand through his arm, and turned, half facing Cousin Samuel and me.

"This is my granddaughter," said she to him, indicating me by a little motion of her hand.

The Judge bowed again. "She is like you, in some ways," he made answer. "And now, would it please you to look over my few flowers? Or shall we return to the house?"

"I should choose the flowers first, said grandmother. The Judge bent his head in pleased assent, and they turned down the path that lay between the rosebushes. Cousin Samuel and I followed. Now and then Judge Stopford turned to say a word to Cousin Samuel, but for the most part we were no more than listeners to bits of their talk.

"You did not live here when I knew you," my grandmother said, "and you were not yet come to be a judge. It is very long ago, is it not?"

"It must be, yet I do not like to think so. I am unwilling to think that our past friendship is so far from to-day."

"You have not married, I am told," she ventured. "You should have done so. You ought to have a son to keep your name."

"Fortune once refused me that which I had done nothing to deserve; and ever since I have felt no wish to tempt her again. In other things life has gone well with me. And you? Your children? Your husband died before you left us, as I remember."

"Yes," she said. The Judge was silent a moment, in respect of that old sorrow.

"My two daughters are with me yet," she went on, after the little pause. "Both are married. I have five grandchildren." She laughed. "Who could have foretold it? When I look back I cannot easily believe that they are real, and not people that I have read of in a story."

"You tempt me to be equally incredulous," returned the Judge, his fine old face radiant. "You must take time to convince me of the one thing or the other. You will do me the honor to dine with me, will you not?" he demanded, turning to Cousin Samuel, but always keeping his eyes upon my grandmother.

Cousin Samuel was about to speak, but she answered for him. "You are most kind," said she, "and it grieves and disappoints me that we may not take advantage of your kindness. But I beg that you will excuse us; we have promised Cousin Eliza Haring that we will dine with her to-day, and we must not disappoint her. I am deeply sorry that we must refuse your hospitality."

Cousin Samuel also would have added his apologies, but the Judge checked him.

"My dear sir! my dear sir! the loss and the disappointment are mine. I shall hope for another and a more generous visit next summer. That is all. Pray make no more of it." He turned to my grandmother once more. "At least you will accept one or two of my roses, will you not, if I am to gain no greater favor?"

"I should prize them more than anything else that could be given me," she replied.

The old Judge led the way to a shady arbor, and seated her there. He then excused himself. "I must cut the roses for you myself," said he.

"His roses are the Judge's dearest pride," explained Cousin Samuel to me. "He spends hours of every pleasant day in looking at them and working over them. One of his roses is the greatest gift that he can give." Grandmother did not hear; she sat forgetful of us, hands folded, head demurely set, a smile quivering about her lips.

The Judge returned, clasping with both hands a leafy sheaf of the flowers. He offered them to her. Grandmother rose; I thought that she would curtesy.

"I have not ventured to remove the thorns," said he. "I did not know if you would be pleased to have them cut."

"Pray leave them. They are beautiful," she answered.

The Judge's pleasure was evident. He confided the great blossoms to her tenderly, with anxious intentness lest her gloved fingers press carelessly against a green barb of the stems. My grandmother half spanned the bundle with both her hands.

"You are too kind, too generous," murmured she, from behind the stately, averted heads of the roses.

"Indeed, no. The kindness is done to me, and not by me. I am honored in your acceptance of my poor gift. And, believe me, my offering, such as it is, carries with it my warmest esteem and regard."

"I thank you," returned grandmother. She and he walked toward the end of the arbor, she bearing the roses with all care. Cousin Samuel and I followed them down the garden, and through the house to the pillared portico in front.

"You have given me a greater pleasure than I have known for many years, by this visit," said the Judge, as he handed her down the three wide steps.

"The gratification is not all with you," she assured him, with a grave little inclination. The Judge returned the formal salute with a more profound bow, his hand upon his heart, and they walked together down the broad, shady path to the street. He helped her into the carriage and stood beside her, the sun shining upon his silver hair.

"I must bid you farewell," said she, hugging the flower stems to her side with one hand, so as to leave the other free. She reached the hand to him. "I hope that you may be as mindful of me when we next meet."

"Old friends are not lightly to be forgotten," he told her; "and you, madam, never. I look already to our next meeting. May it be soon, and as assured as soon. It is my dearest wish."

"I hope that it may be," she said. "Farewell; and, if we do not meet again, good-by."

"Farewell!" he answered. The carriage rolled away, and grandmother turned to look back at him.

"I am very glad to have seen Judge Stopford," she said to me at last, musingly. "It is so long since we have met, and I supposed he had forgotten me; it is pleasant to be remembered after these years. These roses are very beautiful. I prize them dearly. If only sister Elizabeth were yet alive I would dry one of them for her; she would value it, I think, because Mr. Stopford was an old friend of ours."

EMILY JOHNSON, '97.

MATRIMONY AS VIEWED FROM A SPINSTER'S STANDPOINT.

THE subject of matrimony and the college woman has been discussed *ad nauseam*, yet I feel impelled to add one word more concerning this much vexed question. The kernel of the whole matter seems to me to lie in the claim advanced that the ideals of college women change during their four years' seclusion to such an extent, that when they are ready to take their places in the world outside the college walls they are sadly shocked by the inferior culture, morality, and spirituality of men. The idea of marriage loses the beauty and poetry with which it was invested during the happy exile, and seems to present harsh facts instead of pretty theories. The claim is certainly advanced by many that the average college woman feels herself superior to the men with whom she comes in contact, and that it is for this reason that she denies herself the most sacred of human relations, and the one experience of life best fitted to perfect her undeveloped nature. I believe that this claim is partly true, and I wish to record a protest against it.

Man and woman both belong to the catarrhine family of apes; and that is about the extent of their similarity. In their physical, mental, moral, spiritual natures, they are widely divergent, and were intended to supple-

ment and complete each other. Neither can attain the full development of powers if the other be lacking. As to the old question of the superiority of man, the world is ready to lay that aside forever, just as it once put by the burning question of how many angels could stand on the point of one needle. What possible blessing might the world draw from the final solution of either problem?

Oxygen and hydrogen are alike in being gaseous elements, but how different in all essential properties! Each working alone is a mighty factor in the world's history, and who asks which is the greater? It is only from their everlasting union that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

This essential difference in the sexes is made more pronounced by their different methods of training in early life. A girl is carefully shielded from all possible evil influence; she has one chance in a thousand to meet the daily, hourly temptations her brother fights. When, at length, she goes out from the home circle to her college days, she is pure-minded, earnest, innocent. She has seen no evil; can it be that it exists in all its foulness round about her? All the conditions of her new life are carefully planned to foster her health, her mental development, her moral growth, and her spiritual insight. While life moves on very simply and graciously for her, she naturally feels that all is well throughout the universe. She

> "Feeds in pastures large and fair,
> Of love and truth divine,"

and she cannot recognize that the world is starving in the outer darkness. If there is a beautiful sight under the spreading heavens, it is the enthusiasm of a girl about to leave her Alma Mater, feeling that because to her much has been given, of her shall much be required. She goes out to fight the good fight, and the light of unquenchable hope shines in her eyes. Is it strange that such a girl, remembering the traditions of her home and the inspiration of her college, should turn with repugnance from the sensuality and selfishness of the ordinary man?

Stop a moment!

The boy, from his babyhood, leads a very different life. In early childhood he has probably been familiar with sights and sounds from which his

sister has been religiously guarded. While he is still in knickerbockers he learns the earliest lessons of evil, and though his sweet mother and sister may not dream it, he may already have become poisoned in mind and perverted in morals. These changes once wrought, a lifetime is not long enough to efface the traces of this early blight. The masculine nature being aggressive, the boy has, "for the fun of it," experimented with various forms of evil from which his delicate-minded sister would turn in horror. This very vehemence of the man's nature leads him into temptations of which an ordinary girl has no comprehension. At college, the good and uplifting influences which surround the girl, surround her brother as well, and his strong nature thrills to the magic touch of art and science. But the impetuous animal within, striving against its bounds, must vent its unceasing energy, and there are always those at hand who would turn this activity into harmful channels. Drinking, gambling, and immorality are not unknown among those who should be the glory of our nation,—our college boys. Is it to be wondered at that our promising lads sometimes come out from college weakened in moral fiber and disheartened with life?

But what of the man who fights his temptations down, and lives and grows in the light of truth? Such a man deserves the homage of the noblest woman that ever graced God's earth. He has fought the good fight, he has kept the faith. Because there are still traits in his nature which we cannot admire, who are we that we should judge him? What woman has put away small-mindedness, petty jealousy, ill temper, selfishness, and all the multitudinous failings of the feminine mind? What one of *you* has risen above these weaknesses into the calm and peaceful atmosphere of eternal things? "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

I do not mean to overlook nor to justify men's failings, for I know they are of a nature to try the feminine soul almost beyond endurance. The errors of men are more gross, more palpable than those of women, but the root of both lies in the desire for self-satisfaction, inborn in the human race. May not the sins of women, less flagrant, less bestial than those of man, because of her constitution and functions, be quite as evil in the sight of eternal righteousness and truth? In the eyes of the Lord which was more guilty,

Eve, who tempted Adam, or Adam, who fell? Surely the deadlier punishment fell upon the woman.

A man, faulty as he is, has yet traits which no woman can afford to underrate,—honesty, straightforward dealing, force, and effectiveness. Every man needs a woman's care and love to help him to his fullest development. He does not need a wife who feels her own moral superiority, but one who, in all humbleness, accepts his love as the crown of life, and takes up cheerfully the burdens which his imperfect nature imposes on her. She does not bear all, for a wife may lay on her husband the burdens of over-exacting affection, frivolity, ill temper, grievous to bear. For every masculine failing, there is a corresponding one in the feminine world. The woman who has been guarded from open sin all her days, cannot appreciate the struggles a man must make to preserve his manhood; but she should be large-hearted enough to recognize her inability to judge him. If he has *any* claim to purity and uprightness, he deserves her respect, for this claim is bought with a price,—a price which she herself would scarce dare to pay. Without her love and trust he is but half himself; with it, he may rise to divine heights and breathe the air of purity and truth.

The old story runs that the first man and woman were sinless because ignorant; but the type of humanity to which we look forward is that of manhood and womanhood united, possessing full knowledge, yet blameless; which is "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Mary Jennings Orton, '90.

ONE OF THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

It was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas when Eleanor Burton hurried along the snowy streets toward her home. She had been since one o'clock at the Social Settlement, helping decorate the great Christmas tree in the children's playroom. The Social Settlement was her pet scheme for the salvation of Brewster, the town in which she lived. Brewster was suffering from a boom, and it seemed likely never to recover. The boom had brought many workingmen to the little Ohio town, and it had left them stranded there. Stranded, it is true, in pretty white cottages, but

they now had empty cupboards, and worse still, mortgages hanging over them. The boom had left behind it, however, two excellent things,—electric lights and the Social Settlement. The lights gleamed out now in the wintry dusk at every corner, even out in the cornfields and pastures, for Brewster had been planned on a magnificent scale.

The Social Settlement stood on Factory Hill, in the midst of a colony of workingmen's cottages. Eleanor Burton's home was on the other side of the town, across the river. As she hurried along she was thinking of her afternoon's work,—the glad light in the eyes of the tired, despairing women who came to receive the little bundles of toys that were to be stuffed into small stockings that night; the gracious sweetness of the head worker as she distributed the packages with a word of hope and good cheer for each weary mother; the blind boy who had played softly to them on his violin, as they worked about the tree. The girl's step was light as she walked rapidly through the fast-gathering twilight.

As she turned down the street that led to the bridge, she met an old man with a tray half filled with holly and mistletoe.

"How much do you ask for what you have left?" she said, stopping him,—wondering whether she had anything left in her pocketbook after her many donations to the Settlement Christmas tree.

"All for thirty cents, ma'am, and only one wreath left. The wreath's a fine one, lady, and you can have it for fifteen cents extra."

Eleanor emptied her purse on the man's tray, and took all that he had. The cold wind from the frozen river blew in her face, and she nestled more comfortably into her furs as she hastened on. At the entrance of the bridge she saw a little boy sobbing and shivering.

"What is the matter, little one?" she asked, stooping down to him.

He looked up slowly into the sympathetic face bending over him, and stopped his crying.

"Are you cold and hungry?" Eleanor asked, thinking regretfully of her empty pocketbook and the holly in her arms. The child shivered and said gravely,—

"It is so cold an' dark—an'—an' the baby is sick." He began to cry again.

"Poor little fellow! What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Benny Phillips, and I live down there," he replied, pointing to a row of cottages along the river bank.

"And your mother?" asked the girl, as she took his hand and started toward the group of houses.

"She's cryin', an' I can't make her stop."

Eleanor pressed the little hand more closely, and hurried on with a strange weight on her young heart. The child looked at her shyly now and then. She seemed very beautiful to him, this lovely lady with her gentle voice, her soft blue eyes, and her golden hair. He thought she might be one of the Christmas angels his mother had told him about the night before, when she put him to bed. Perhaps a Christmas angel could make her stop crying. He hoped so, for it made him sad to see his mother cry.

"Here," he said, in a moment; "I live here."

Then he pushed open the door, and Eleanor saw one of life's little tragedies in the brief moment that she stood faltering on the threshold.

An oil lamp, burning on its little bracket at the other side of the room, lighted up the sad scene with an almost glaring brightness. Before a table the mother sat, with head bowed and her face hid in her hands. At one side of the room was a low bed, and Eleanor thought she could distinguish a baby form beneath the loosely spread sheet.

The child ran up to his mother, crying,—

"Mamma, look! One of the Christmas angels!"

The woman lifted her head and saw the richly dressed young girl at the door, with her arms full of holly and mistletoe. She rose quickly, and stood, slim and straight, beside the table. Her face and attitude both bespoke refinement and dignity. Eleanor advanced a little way into the room. She was astonished and confused. She had expected to find poverty and squalor, ignorance, wretchedness, brutality perhaps, anything but this. The room was indeed bare and cold, but the sad faced little woman before her was the mistress of the situation.

"Your little boy," began the girl,—"your little boy was crying—and—and I felt so sorry for him—and for you, when he said the baby was sick. Can't I do something for the baby? You must be very tired, and I can ——"

"You are very kind," said the mother, "but I think you can do nothing; the baby died an hour ago."

"Oh!" faltered Eleanor; "and you are alone?"

"Yes," she replied. "My husband is out West, and I cannot bear to call upon my neighbors for help or sympathy. They do not understand me, —they are so ——" She hesitated, lest she seem to speak unkindly of the good-natured Irish women who had tried so hard to be "sociable."

"Yes," said the girl quickly, dropping her green branches on the table, and holding out her hand to the woman, "but you will let me try to understand, won't you?"

"I think you understand already," said the other, with tears in her eyes. "It is not bread nor coal that I want,—my husband is at work now, and will send for us in the spring,—but it is love and sympathy that I need."

In a little while the sad story was told,—the story of hard times and ill luck. It need not be repeated here; we hear it every day.

"We shall have a sad Christmas, Benny and I. I have not told him that this is the time that Santa Claus used to come, for I knew he could not remember Benny to-night. I have tried to keep my own faith firm by repeating over and over to him the story of the shepherds, and the angels around the manger at Bethlehem."

Eleanor rose, and taking a little spray of holly, laid it gently on the bed beside the tiny form.

"Shall I come again to-morrow? We shall try to make the day a bright one for Benny. We know the baby is happier now than we could ever make her. Good-by, then, until Christmas day, little Benny, good-by."

When she had gone the child asked gravely,—

"Is she truly one of the Christmas angels, mamma?"

"I think she is, my little boy."

M. G. G., 1900.

TWO FLIGHTS OF SONG.

We were rather dull, so some one asked Betty Norton to sing for us. We had not heard her since her two years of study in Paris, and I think we were all privately glad that she did not attempt anything elaborate. After our chatter her well-trained voice was an agreeable change, as it rose and fell

melodiously over a simple tune. The words of the song did not impress me, and the music seemed too light for her powerful voice. "What is it?" we asked, when the song was done. "'Airly Beacon,' by Ethelbert Nevin," she said. I was surprised, for as a rule I like Nevin.

The next evening Constance came in to see me. I motioned her to the piano. "Here is something new," she said, smiling, and struck a few strong notes till her voice came in tenderly on a plaintive air. Soon it was more than plaintive. Every word, every tone vibrated with repressed passion. At the end a life history had been revealed to me. How could that inexperienced voice grow rich and heavy with such profound insight and feeling? The lonely, sobbing melody held me. I looked questioningly into Constance's glowing face. "It is Nevin's 'Airly Beacon,'" she said.

GRACE L. COOK, '99.

THE NEW MINISTER.

IT was all due to the new coat of paint on the parsonage. No one who saw the old minister walk into the yard, and look at the brilliant yellow walls as though he regretted the faded brown, could doubt that the change would come.

He was not responsible for the paint, of course. Some officer of the church had ordered it, not knowing what a turn it would give fate's wheel. Nor was he responsible that he could not at once alter himself to correspond.

The church people began to feel uneasy. The minister did not match; he was faded. He was still endued with sweetness and light; but his light was too dim, his sweetness was too self-depreciating. His hand visibly trembled with a sense of his unworthiness as he handed the cup of salvation to his flock. He was not only not brilliant, he was not self-confident.

The new minister is thoroughly at home in the freshly furbished parsonage. His sermons sparkle with witty sentences worthy of newspaper repetition. He walks the strait and narrow path with assurance, frowning confidently upon those who stray from it, and wraps his orthodox robe about him with an air which makes all other righteousness appear as rags.

M. E. C., '88.

DILLON FALLS.

Dillon was a queer fellow. None of us could understand how he happened to turn up in a theological seminary, for he seemed the last person in the world to make a minister. He was sharp and keen as a whip in business matters, and we always told him that his place was on the stock exchange rather than in the pulpit. To us Westerners he seemed mean, sometimes, but I suppose it was only that spirit of New England thrift which was born in him. It came out in all sorts of ways, and was at the bottom of numberless wild schemes for making money. They generally turned out to be successful, too.

At one time, I remember, there was a great fire in Lynn, and a shoe factory was burned out. Dillon went down there to take a look at the ruins, and, as usual, happened upon one of his bargains. He bought in several cases of shoes for a mere song, and set up shop with them in his room. The fellows all patronized him for the very novelty of the thing, and he cleared quite a sum on the affair.

Another one of Dillon's particularly strong traits, and one that went strangely with this shrewd business instinct, was his susceptibility to feminine charms. He liked the girls, and what is more, they liked him. Though he was neither clever nor handsome, he had a happy-go-lucky way that made him a favorite everywhere. He was somewhat erratic in his methods with them. A new face attracted him, and, for a time, he devoted himself to the fair owner with positive recklessness. Then he dropped her as suddenly as he had taken her up.

At last, however, it came Dillon's turn to be really hard hit, as the boys say. It seemed a sort of retribution for him to fall in love with Kittie Wells. In the first place, she was rich, and Dillon was poor. It was next to impossible that her father would consent to let Kittie marry a man who had his fortune still to make, and very little chance of making it for a long time to come. Then, too, Kittie was a coquette from the word go. But Dillon got over that difficulty in time, and he and Miss Kittie arranged their own part to their entire satisfaction. Then Dillon had to go to see the father. He decided, after much thought, to visit him in his office down town, thinking that the task, under any circumstances a hard one, would be easier there than at the rich man's home.

Dillon spent a long time in getting himself up that day. He put on his best clothes, and tied his necktie a dozen times. Then, with a trembling heart, he started. He walked, to keep up his courage,—or perhaps to save his car fare. That was his first mistake. His next was in going through the market. Then his fate was settled. For some reason or other an extra supply of eggs had been brought in that morning, and they were being sold off far below cost. That was too much for Dillon. All his business instincts were aroused. So great an opportunity could not be let slip. He hesitated, —and was lost. When he went on to Mr. Wells's office, he took with him as many eggs as he could carry.

There was a beautifully clean, smooth, marble flagged corridor from which the office opened. Whether Dillon slipped, or whether, at the last moment, courage failed him, and he trembled, I do not know. At any rate the eggs fell with a crash. Over the marble floor they flew, bespattering Dillon from head to foot. In the midst of his dismay a door opened, and Mr. Wells appeared. It was enough. Dillon turned and fled,—and, well, —he isn't married yet.

T. L. P.

A "WHISTLER."

Coming out on the elevated road the other evening, I woke from a state of semiconsciousness, wondering why I had a vivid impression of being in an art gallery.

There was one picture, framed in by the window opposite. A blue mist rising from the prairie had met the cloud of smoke which was rolling out from the city, and diffused with a purple haze. One felt, rather than saw, the far-away horizon line where the stretch of brown prairie met the returning stretch of gray sky. Outlines were blurred, and colors lost in imperceptible gradations of tone. The street lamps broke through the murkiness at regular intervals, with flickering blotches that gave no radiation. Here and there a lighted window made a yellowish oblong slit below the gloom of a roof.

It was a perfect Whistler "Nocturne"— perfect, unless, as my friend suggested, Whistler himself should attempt to improve upon it.

M. E. C.

GLEANINGS FROM A SUMMERTIDE OVER THE SEAS.

Centuries ago men in Spain and England, in all parts of Europe, in fact, were looking eagerly to a newly found land in the West. Full of romance and of untold treasures was the strange New World for them. They came across the sea by hundreds in their great, slow-sailing ships. They came because they were greedy for gold, and fast accumulated wealth. Some dreamers came to seek the fountain of unfailing youth.

To-day there is another flitting across seas, and now it is toward the East. The ships sail faster, and the people throng by thousands to the Atlantic shores. We children of the great West seek our dreamland back in the home of our fathers. In Spain we build our castles, in England and throughout all Europe we weave our romances. Though one of our own poets has called us "avaricious," we do not seek, as our fathers did, for gold over the seas. No; we are more like the dreamers who sought for the fountain of eternal youth. It is the eternal wealth of mind, soul, heart that we pursue in our El Dorado.

In a summertide we pass through England, with its storied towns, ancient castles, noble cathedrals, and poet homes, into wild and rugged Wales, or Scotland, true realm of romance, land of loch and mountain. We cross the channel to Holland, where cleanliness is indeed next to godliness, and is only less characteristic than the quaintness of the people. As we sail up the Rhine, we can easily imagine ourselves back in the world of Faerie. The castles airily perched on rocky cliffs high above vineyards and villages, seem haunted with the mediæval spirit of the heroes who built them and of the knights who once dwelt in them. In Switzerland we breathe the air of patriotism, and in the names of Winkelried and Tell we hear an echo of that mountain voice so powerful

> . . . "to repeal
> Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
> By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
> Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel."

France is fair, yet hardly any other land but Italy has seen such suffering in the cause of religion and of country. The soil, which has been saturated with the blood of many massacres, is still rich and fruitful: that

people of the light heart regains its lively cheerfulness with scarce a trace of the terror and grief just past. True, in Paris there are landmarks which make one who knows their story shudder. But unless one's thought runs back over the history of the years from 1789–1793, it is impossible to realize the significance of those half-obliterated letters which mark every public building in Paris, from the Hôtel des Invalides to the Hôtel de Dieu, and Notre Dâme itself. The words are these: "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité."

In passing through Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, and France in a single summer, we gain only a general view of the riches which our dreamland holds. As for the particular treasures we choose to remain forever a part of our mind's wealth,—that depends on the eye and heart which we bring to it all. If we have something of the antiquarian spirit which sympathizes with one like Washington Irving, we shall find special delight in rambling through the old, quaint byways of London. Wandering down Oxford Street and High Holborn to Newgate, we may well halt at the Old Bailey, and recall some of its grim and somber associations.

Just across the way stands a more cheerful object. This is a long Gothic building of gray stone, with great stained-glass windows, which give it the effect of a church. If we choose to enter this building we may turn down a narrow little lane just under Christ's Church, and we shall find ourselves in the cloisters surrounding a court of Christ's Hospital. For this is, indeed, the Blue Coat School, and if we are here in schooltime we shall frequently meet some of the bare-headed, yellow-stocking lads. It is said they never grow bald, since they never wear hats. Visions of the youthful Coleridge and Lamb rise in the mind as one visits the dormitories, with their rows of little beds, and one hopes that they found as motherly a matron as the good woman who greets you there, and who feels so much interest in the Blue Coat Boys of to-day. The building, which looks without like a church, is in reality a dining hall, with two very long tables, supplied with benches on which numberless boys have carved their names. At one end of the hall is a dais, where the great people sit at school festivals.

One of the courts of Christ's Hospital opens directly into Little Britain. It makes one half start for the first time to catch sight of those words on an actual signboard. It would seem quite natural, thereupon, for old Mr. Skryme, or his rival oracle, the Cheesemonger, to appear. Walking on to the end of

Little Britain we reach Smithfield, the scene of gay tournaments of long ago, as well as of many martyrdoms. Alas! how has the place degenerated! The principal object of interest in the present square is a huge meat market, filled with busy, hurrying men of the most plebeian sort. But the very names of these places conjure up mind pictures which people each spot with the great presences who used to haunt it. So as we walk down Paternoster Row to Amen Corner we seem to see Dr. Johnson's portly figure halting before one of the musty bookstalls, or Shelley's slight form hurrying along the crowded thoroughfare. We may wander on through Paul's Churchyard, down Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street to Temple Bar, one of the most delightful and picturesque places in London. If you look here for a grand entrance, you must look in vain. It is only after some search that one discovers the little doorway leading into a narrow lane. To the right, the lane broadens into a court with a clump of trees and a bright fountain in the center. Around are several handsome stone buildings, two of which have the appearance of Gothic churches. I wandered about here for some time one day endeavoring to find the Temple Church. In answer to a question about the buildings in this court, a gardener of the place said, "Well, you can't tell; they look like churches, but they might be turned into offices." And so I found they were. Wandering along through a narrow passage under some houses, I found a second court, with something like cloisters at one side. Here was a building which seemed surely a sacred edifice, but as I could find no entrance I continued to a third court, in which at last I found the Temple Church. In this place the Knights Templars once worshiped, and here the law students worship now. It is rather a curious edifice, with a western dome and a Gothic nave.

The intricate winding passages and courts of the Temple remind one of Oxford, with its quadrangles and quaint byways. One would have to live long in Oxford to become acquainted with all the twenty-three colleges; in a brief visit even a few are difficult to distinguish. Christ's College, with its big "Tom Quad," is sure to make an impression, if not for the beauty of its fan-vaulted entrance or its Norman Church, then for Wolsey's great kitchen below, where the immense ovens of long ago are still used for providing some of the "young gentlemen" of nineteenth-century England with good dinners.

In All Souls' College Chapel is the beautiful sculptured reredos, covered up in the time of Cromwell, to prevent its destruction, and then forgotten for

centuries. In this Gothic chapel there are no other walls than the cream-colored buttresses between the windows, and as the colored light slants across the stone they seem translucent, clear as alabaster, through which a rainbow of light is shining.

There is hardly a spot, even in Oxford, lovelier than Addison's Walk. It lies along the River Cherwell, scarcely more than a quiet brook, above which rise the ivy-covered walls and towers of Magdalen College. The walk itself is overhung with trees, which make a lovely shady vista down its length. Luxuriant vines and ivy cover the ground on both sides. What a spot for a poet to murmur his verses in and dream his dreams!

In the town itself they show you the spot where Latimer and Ridley were burned, and the pillar in St. Mary's Church where they stood to hear their condemnation. In this same church Amy Robsart is buried. Lovers of "Kenilworth" will take the drive to Cumnor Place, the scene of her tragic death. Hardly one stone remains upon another of the Hall, but the little church close by is picturesque and interesting, and the village itself is worth visiting for its pretty thatched cottages, all ivy-clad, which are so characteristically English. The Castle of Kenilworth itself is not very far away; it is just beyond Warwick, and one may still trace in the ruins the places where so many romantic events occurred.

Those who have been taught by Wordsworth to love

> . . . "woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills,"

will find the Lake District full of the most delightful associations. As one visits Windermere, Hawkshead, Coniston, Ullswater and Kirkstone Pass, one is continually haunted by some poem or event in the poet's life. Grasmere is, for the Wordsworthian, the center of this enchanted land. Even our commonplace lives are breathed on by the spirit of poetry as we visit Dove Cottage, wish at the Wishing Gate, and attend service at the little church where, close beside the murmuring Rotha, Wordsworth lies buried.

> "Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
> O Rotha, with thy living wave!
> Sing him thy best! for few or none
> Hears thy voice right, now he is gone."

For a little while we are shut in from the bustle of the outside world by the mountains whose very names we have loved so long,—Nab Scar, Loughrigg Fell, Silver Howe, and Helm Crag.

To one who loves beautiful architecture, hardly anything in England is more impressive than her majestic cathedrals. As one sits in the choir or wanders along the nave, the eye is delighted with the rich coloring of old glass, the carvings of the oak stalls, and the sculptures which adorn rood screen and reredos. The whole vastness of the pile expands the soul, and the light shafts of the Gothic nave lead the eye upward to the lofty vault. The ear is filled with the glorious melody of choir boys singing in full chorus, or high, clear solo, at matins and at vespers. Their voices ring among the arches, and re-echo from vaulted nave and aisle. The heart is thrilled and subdued into reverence by the rich and solemn intoning of the service.

The exterior of these cathedrals answers well to the epithet of the poet who calls architecture "frozen music." The western towers give an idea of enduring strength and majesty. The lantern tower, often finely sculptured, as at Lincoln, reaches its crowning beauty in the spire of Salisbury, which rises in aërial lightness, gray but sublime. Magnificent as are many of the cathedrals of France and Germany, they do not appeal to the heart as do these English cathedrals. Still, it is possible that the American heart is biased somewhat by a Puritan ancestry, even in the matter of architecture. Cologne Cathedral is indeed vaster than any in England; its proportions are grand, and its western towers are completed with spires of open stone tracery, which appears as fine as lacework. It is impressive to hear the immense audience gathered there on a Sunday join in singing a German choral. The long, slow rhythm of the chant rises, falls, and swells again with a power which makes the heart beat faster. The multitude heaves and surges like the sea as it presses toward the altar, and at the tinkling of the silver bells all kneel on the stone pavement in silent prayer.

The French cathedrals, high and narrow, have a peculiar beauty in the flying buttresses of the "chevet," or round east end, which is not used in England at all, with the exception of Canterbury.

The façades of Notre Dame and Amiens Cathedrals are especially fine. Notre Dame suffered somewhat in the Revolution and in the Communes, but Amiens is fortunate in having still, almost intact, its beautiful sculptures

and statues. Here, at least, was no Cromwell to break down the beautiful "idols" of mediævalism. Well might Mr. Ruskin speak of the Bible of Amiens, for there is hardly a story of Old or New Testament history which the people could not read in their cathedral, either in windows, chapel paintings, stone relief, or in the black oak of the choir stalls. The arms and side of every choir seat are most richly carved with animated figures, which tell their story simply but vividly. So delicate is some of the carving that a strip of the wood may be made to resound like the string of a violin.

In speaking of beautiful churches, Sainte Chapelle in Paris must surely be mentioned as one of the loveliest architectural gems in the world. The windows are only divided by narrow buttresses, and these, with the roof and every part of the chapel which is not of rich glass, are painted blue and decorated with gold. The semicircular east end, with its glittering, jewel-like effect, is only surpassed by the beauty of the rose window at the west, whose tracery alone, aside from its color, fills the eye with delight.

But the works of man's hand, however glorious, are still surpassed by those of God, eternal, yet ever changing. Nowhere is the soul more awed by Nature's loveliness than in Switzerland. In Zürich, Lucerne, and Geneva one is charmed with the beauty of lakes whose blueness is a marvel to Northern eyes. There is hardly a prettier picture in Switzerland than that of the gray, red-roofed Castle of Chillon, as it stands out in the green-blue water of Lake Geneva, with the Dent du Midi for a background.

Many interesting associations rise about the castle in its connection with poets whose names we read in the dungeon,—Victor Hugo, Shelley, Alexander Dumas, and Byron.

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
> Until his very steps have left a trace
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Still, it is the mountain summits rather than the valleys toward which our eyes look most longingly. If our introduction to snow-capped peaks comes in a sunrise view from the top of Rigi or Pilatus we are fortunate; for from one of these summits the whole Bernese Oberland is spread out before

us. Our first acquaintance with the Wetterhorn, Mönch, and Eiger is won in the flushed splendor of early morning, when the white peaks are deeply tinged with the color of the Alpine rose, which blooms just below their snows.

There is perhaps no other spot in Switzerland where one may feel himself so truly in the heart of the Alps as in Zermatt. This narrow valley, entirely closed in by snowy peaks, is so high that the Swiss peasants themselves can only live there in summer. I shall never forget a sunrise which I saw from this valley. It was Sunday morning, and I walked alone through the quiet streets of the picturesque little village. Early as it was the tiny church was thronged with worshipers, mostly men. One or two of the peasants who passed me gave a cordial morning greeting in German. I reached the outskirts of the village, and crossed the brook which flows through it. There I suddenly stopped, my eyes fastened on the most wonderful sight I ever beheld. Before, and almost above me, towered the sharp, snow-covered peak of the Matterhorn, changed by the rising sun to pure gold, and shining with dazzling splendor against the faintly flushed sky. The snow-capped summits around still lay in shadow; this alone appeared as the one object in the morning landscape. With a wild longing to have nothing between me and that peak, I started up the hillside before me. On I went, through grass wet with dew, across rushing, leaping streams, slipping on stepping-stones, sliding into gullies, stumbling up steep banks, half falling over walls, and struggling through bushes, till I stopped, panting for breath, heated through in spite of the frosty air. I had climbed an hour, yet seemed no nearer my goal. New hills seemed to rise between me and it. It was full another hour before I made a final halt on the edge of a precipice, which sunk sheer down to the valley from which I had climbed. Away below I could see the village still in shadow. Over it the mists hung heavily. But the first rays of the sun had already glanced across the eastern mountains, and lay with grateful warmth at my feet, chilled with the dew. There was something awful in the stillness, which was only emphasized by the soft rush of waters, the song of a bird, and the distant roar of the River Visp, far, far below. I could from my height just trace its course, and follow it up to the glacier from which it flowed. But, above all, I stood at last "face to face" with the Matterhorn; for there, just across the chasm,

rose that mighty form in majestic pride and glowing beauty, solemn, glorious, speaking silently, yet unspeakable, indescribable for mortal tongue or pen, a sublime miracle of nature—say of God.

If this one vision had been all I saw in one summer, I could not have called the three months wasted. But Nature is lavish of her gifts. She is prodigal of royal purple at eventide, and of red gold at dawn. Such treasures she spreads over every land. Only her children must have eyes to see and hearts to feel, or they may never grasp these riches, which belong to the West as to the East, which are indeed but symbols of the universal Love.

> . . . "It subsists
> In all things, in all natures; in the stars
> Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
> In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
> That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
> The moving waters, and th' invisible air.
> . . . . . .
> Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
> No charm, no solitude; from link to link
> It circulates, the soul of all the worlds."

MABEL R. EDDY.

SLIP-SHEETS.

IT gave me such a strange feeling to write that letter, for I knew she wouldn't take my part in it in the right way. But it was the only thing to do. I couldn't let her misunderstand Katharine, even if she had to break off with me, her former roommate. So there it was. I sealed the letter and addressed it, mechanically, then walking down to the post office, dropped it in. It stuck a little at first, as if it didn't want to go. I gave it another push, and it disappeared. I couldn't get it back, then. I waited a moment in a kind of fascination for the place, then turned away, with one of the sentences in the letter,—the one it had been hardest to write,—ringing in my ears. F., '96.

Two men stood together and looked out over the landscape spread before them. The one saw "lowly cottages, beautiful among the pleasant fields," heard the melodious song of birds, and the ceaseless murmur of the river "winding among grassy holms," felt the "fluttering breezes," and found in all things "a never failing principle of joy." The other was quite

as sensitive to the beauty of the scene, but he found in it something more; for he saw "on the plain, all smoking, the horses at the plough," and in a stony corner of the field "a man straightening his loins and wiping his face with the back of his hand." T.

JAMES'S CHAPTER ON "HABIT."

"It changed the whole tenor of her life." So I heard her say, and it truly had. No matter what she did, after reading James on "Habit," she always stopped to think what little groove it might tend to form. If she were tempted, through weariness, to nap in work-time, she wouldn't. It might become a habit. If she felt a desire to yawn in a library alcove, she would shut her lips close together. She was afraid the habit might grow upon her. If she wanted to look off her book at the clock, she wouldn't. She was sure that it would become a habit; that she would so lose her power of concentration. She thought about the matter so constantly that she almost became a nuisance to both herself and her friends. She had at last formed a habit, and that a most disagreeable one: she had the habit of being forever self-conscious, and the faculty of being continually distressed about small affairs. And thus do books affect us. M.

A DIFFICULTY OF REALISM.

"So you are taking a course in Daily Themes?" said Nell to the big Harvard boy beside her. "Yes," he answered, looking appropriately solemn; "we have it sophomore year, you know. It's an awful bore," he added, candidly. "What do you ever find to write about?" Nell inquired. "O, you can write about almost anything," he said, easily. "Don't you know, there are a lot of things worth writing up. It's the way you do it that counts. I can't seem to suit the instructor myself——" He smiled pensively, and regarded his cuff-links with great attention as he went on: "The other day Smith,—that's the man that has us in English, you know,—Smith said to us in class, 'Now, fellows, if you're going to write about college life, why don't you write about it as it is?' He said, 'College men never talk the way you make them talk in your themes, you know they don't. Why don't you write something next week and try to put in some really natural college conversation?' So I did," pursued the boy, with frank brown eyes

raised to Nell's, and when the theme came back there were just two words on it. The criticism was,—well, in fact, it just said, 'Unwarrantably profane.'" K.

It was a moonlight night. What is it that gets into people's blood at such times; that makes romantic the most prosaic; that turns a young fellow's head completely, so that he can't see any of the resolutions and principles that he generally keeps before him?

That and a girl. She was standing with her back against one of the pillars of the piazza, straight and slender, with her head tipped back just a trifle against the white post. The moonlight shone down on her hair and brought out the curves of cheek and chin. She had clasped her hands behind her,—with a purpose?

"Why don't you go?" she said, drooping her lids to look down, without moving, at me on the step below.

"Don't look at me that way," I warned her.

"Why?" And she kept right on. Now the question is, was it my fault? I.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.

Professor of Chemistry (to Professor of Bible, at luncheon, Saturday, October 14, apropos to the dinner planned for visiting lecturers): "So you are going to have a biblical dinner to-night. I suppose you'll have 'turtles and wild honey'?"

General laugh.

Professor of Chemistry: "Oh! I meant the *voice* of the turtle."

The Professor of Bible says she has a cousin studying at "the Mark Hopkins University, in Baltimore." The Professor of Chemistry thinks that the Professor of Bible, in deference to her calling, ought to make herself clearer on the difference between Mark and John.

The Professor of Chemistry's Conundrum: Why is it unjust to expect Boston newsboys to keep quiet? Because they are Hub-bubs.

(In a letter from Portsmouth, Maine:) "Some one told Luey that a large majority of the Wellesley girls smoked cigarettes. But *I* don't believe it."

EDITORIALS.

I.

The College Calendar for 1896–97 contains some changes from that of last year. A good many electives have been added in the various departments. All mention of the College clubs and societies is omitted,—a bit of good taste as welcome as the dropping of the woodcuts of buildings a few years ago. Several facts of general interest are here for the first time officially stated. We learn now that the regular length of the academic year, exclusive of vacations, is thirty-five weeks; and that the principle underlying the variableness of the time of opening in September is that college shall begin on the first Wednesday after the fourteenth. A list of the officers of the Alumnæ Association, with adddresses, and the names and addresses of the secretaries of the different Wellesley clubs throughout the country, are found on the last page. These additions make the Calendar more nearly a complete A B C of facts about Wellesley.

II.

About Wellesley scholarships, however, some questions from a member of '96 show that the Calendar is not yet a complete A B C of facts. "Are the scholarships awarded on competitive examinations?" she asks. And: "The Calendar says, 'All applications for assistance must be made by letter, addressed to the Secretary of the Students' Aid Society.' But when one wants simply to know, and not, perhaps, to ask help—what then? To whom must one apply for information?" The first question the Calendar might do well to answer, by stating the fact that the scholarships are not on a competitive basis; especially since in many colleges, as in Harvard and Radcliffe, for instance, scholarships are competitive. The last query ought certainly to be satisfied. Evidently there is at least one college graduate, and, presumably, therefore, many other people, to whom the statement that "all applications for assistance must be made by letter, addressed to the Secretary of the Students' Aid Society," does not convey the additional idea that for information, also, the Secretary must be addressed. If the Calendar

would tell them this, it would put them in the way of all facts they might be concerned to know.

III.

The spirit of sourness and ill feeling apt to mark student criticism of the College makes such criticism futile. Snarling makes its own justifiableness mistrusted: bad temper never seems reasonable; fuming is not the expression of a mature, thoroughly thought-out objection to present conditions, but an irresponsible-sounding protest against grievances whose sting is felt rather than their unreasonableness understood. Our sneers of contempt and dislike for certain regulations will never appeal to authority as reason for change. People have always sneered at what they did not understand,—and children often hate what is best for them. Our fretfulness only argues greenness and lack of comprehension, and furnishes authority excuse for assuming the whole responsibility of leading us in the paths of righteousness.

IV.

There is a kind of criticism, however, which, when it is brought to their notice, no authorities can wisely disregard. It is the criticism of students who try to examine into their own dislike of certain conditions to find the reason for it, and who try to see matters from the official as well as from the student point of view. The first effort is to understand just how any condition is bad for or hard on the students; the second, to see whether and why the changes desired are at present expedient or inexpedient, possible or impossible. For this we try to look at Wellesley in its relation to like institutions, and in the light of its own development,—realizing that its place in the world of colleges, and its own past history, are factors no more to be overlooked than the attitude of its students, in determining a college policy. This is sympathetic criticism. It is effective, because it is intelligent, and comparatively impersonal. If we should suppress more our embittered fault-finding, and cultivate that knowledge of present and past conditions in Wellesley and other colleges, which would win for our opinions the respect of authority, we should be far better fitted to obtain, and judiciously exercise some share of self-government.

V.

In the matter of self-government, comparison of Wellesley with other colleges is in one sense discouraging. The policy of Radcliffe is undetermined, because there are no dormitories for the Radcliffe students. But Smith, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr, all have their student organizations, to whom are committed such personal matters as form the bulk of our "rules and regulations." In Smith, this governing body is made up of deputies elected by the faculty from their own number, and student representatives elected by each class. Their decisions are subject to the veto of the president. The student "councillors" outnumber the faculty members in the conference, so that the students' is always the ruling voice. This ruling voice is found to be actually sterner than the faculty's. The president's veto has had most often to be exercised against some stringency the students would inflict upon their fellows. In Vassar "the enforcing of the regulations agreed upon in regard to attendance at chapel, daily exercise, hour of retiring, and other matters affecting the comfort of college life, is intrusted to a committee appointed by the students' Association. This plan has been in operation several years, and is amply justified by its results." The impression made upon us by this catalogue announcement has been modified, however, by the information from the college secretary that "such matters as chaperonage, absence from college, entertainments, drives, calls, etc., are in the charge of the Lady Principal." Yet even of this association, much less complete than that at Bryn Mawr, a member of '97 writes in the *Vassar Miscellany* for November, "It has served as a bond of union among the students, and, perhaps more than any other factor, has cultivated and preserved a spirit of loyalty and devotion to the college."

At Bryn Mawr, where the earliest form of social control was student self-government, the system is completest. We quote at length from a letter from the president of the Association: "The general regulation of the college may be placed under three heads. The Self-government . . . has in charge the general conduct of the students. The Faculty controls all matters connected with lectures, examinations, etc. The Mistresses of the Residence Halls make certain rules for their convenience; . . . . for instance rules concerning meal hours, washerwomen, etc., etc. As you will

see by what I have said, the Association is not under the control of the College authorities. In case, of course, of important changes, the officers of the Association would as a matter of courtesy consult with the President of the College.

"The Association makes no provision about absences of students during term time, nor about attendance on theater and opera. The first matter would of course be under the control of the faculty, but no restriction has ever been made on the subject. We have no 'cutting regulations' at Bryn Mawr, and no requirements for leave of absence. As to going to entertainments in the evening, if there were any regulation it would be made by the Self-government; but this has always been regarded as an entirely personal matter. And it has always been the ideal of the Association to limit personal feeling as little as possible, though with the necessary understanding, of course, that in any case of conflict the interests of the individual sink in those of the community. The whole matter of chaperonage is in the hands of the Association, and we are guided entirely in the matter by a conformance to the conventions of Philadelphia.

"I do not think . . . from our experience at Bryn Mawr, that the amount of labor involved is enough to form any obstacle to the establishment of an institution which we believe to be so great a blessing."

The sense in which the consideration of this feature of other women's colleges is discouraging is, however, only superficial. What would really make us cast down, would be to see that no woman's college had student self-government. To us who believe women are best helped by obedience to laws they voluntarily impose upon themselves, rather than to those imposed on them by others, the fact that we are alone in not yet having adopted self-government, is a sign that is gratifying.

VI.

As a matter of fact, if we leave out of account the restrictions on theater-going and Sunday travel, our laws are among the least oppressive college codes in the country,—and the college codes of the United States are the freest in the world. Few faculties look at cuts so generously as ours. In at least one man's college of rank chapel cuts are counted against scholar-

ship. No light-bell regulation could be more reasonably or less disagreeably enforced than that at Wellesley. We are allowed more freedom in the library, except on Sunday, than is the case in many colleges. Though we may not draw books with the prodigality of Harvard students, we have an exceptionally long day of library hours. The Harvard and Princeton libraries are closed at dark. In vacations Princeton's is open only from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. At Vassar the library is open eleven hours a day. Smith depends on the Forbes Public Library, and must observe the hours prescribed for that. Bryn Mawr has about the same number of hours with ourselves, from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M. As for our curriculum—it is as elective as Bryn Mawr's, and much more elective than that of Smith or Vassar, or any but the highest of the men's colleges, though some of these, and Radcliffe with them, have fewer required studies than we. Very genuine is our academic liberality. From the standpoint of the code of provisions, our personal and social liberality is little behind. It is only that the principle at bottom of our "Rules and Regulations" is that enervating we'll-help-you principle, instead of the invigorating help-yourself.

VII.

IMPATIENCE at the persistence of principles and laws with which we cannot bring ourselves to sympathize, disappears when we run over the changes which even in our day the College has adopted. Ninety-seven was the first class to enter under the new curriculum—itself the greatest single stride the College has made. Ninety-four, "our seniors," were the first class who had been allowed a half-shell for a crew boat. Former crews had rowed at Float in the College tubs,—mammoth crafts, of which a few specimens were still on the lake when we entered. Seniors alone could register for absence from College. For each absence from chapel or class every student had to hand in an excuse on "printed blanks, which might be obtained at the bookstore." Some of the Faculty considered it a rudeness for a student to give as excuse for absence from class "pressure of work." Many were the half-truths told to avoid this rudeness. We still regarded or disregarded silent time. We could not obtain permission to go to theater or opera. They told us the tale of two girls who had been expelled when discovered in one of those places.

We had to get permission if we wished to attend church as a habit in the village instead of at College; and if on any day we were inclined to go to some other place of worship than the one we had chosen in October, we had to get a special permission for the occasion. Excuses like those for chapel and recitation cuts were required for absence from church. The library was closed all Sunday. We could draw no books on week days, but only from 4.15 Saturday until 9 Monday morning. There was no course of current topics lectures. There were no electric lights, and not enough gas jets. The pines by the greenhouse made a pitch-black passage, gruesome on all but moonlight nights, and we could not see enough, coming up in the evening from the village, to tell when we were going to walk on the planks and when off. There was no chemistry building. Lecture Rooms 1 and 2, Room R, and the room opposite were the chemical lecture room and laboratories. The whole Main Building, willy-nilly, took Chemistry I. and "Organic." We looked forward to compulsory elocution in our sophomore year, and to a debate in addition to our forensics in the junior. There had been no golf, and, we think, no basket ball at Wellesley. There was no Athletic Association, and no athletic field. There was no boathouse. We were the first class to wear blue gymnasium suits; '96's were red, so we had to buy all ours at first hand. Ninety-six got the first one of our present style of crew boats that year. There were no Barn Swallows, and no barn (for us). There was no servants' dormitory. There was no prospect of a new chapel, or of students' parlors. There was no causeway passage between the Main Building kitchen and dining room, and so no possibility of getting food hot from the kitchen to the tables. The entrance to the gymnasium was through domestic hall, past the kitchen, and up a winding stair (back stair). There was only one dining room, and the chairs at table all touched each other, so that to sit down and get up again had become a fine art. The bookstore was open for short intervals only during the day. It was behind the general office, which was where the cashier's office now is. The post office was next door on the same corridor, and at mail-delivery hours that hall was so jammed that one could with difficulty squeeze by. There was no telegraph office. There was no clock in the hall. The big Japanese gong was struck for meals and concerts, as well as for rising. There was a gruesome elevator etiquette: Faculty first, and then seniors. We had no Dean, and the duties of that office

fell about on various already-burdened shoulders. And—we did domestic work: kept our rooms entirely, did all the waiting on table, and anywhere from ten to forty minutes work for the house or for some department daily.

We entered three years ago this fall. Wellesley is like another place now. Could the most ardent advocate of progress demand changes more varied and rapid than have actually taken place? Most of them have been the work of the College authorities. They have all been in the direction of greater comfort and freedom, more pleasure, and enlarged opportunities for the students. We should cease to feel bitterly and to wear a hostile front toward even the authority that irritates us, if we would often think over what this authority has done and desires to do for us.

VIII.

With pleasure we print three new answers to the Free Press inquiry about expense. And we ask for "more."

FREE PRESS.

I.

A–B–C–DESIDERABILIA.

[For a few fledgelings, not all in the freshman class.]

BY A LOVER OF PLEASING NEGATIONS.

A is the Apple
Not munched on the street:
B is the Banjo
Not thrummed 'neath your feet.
C, Corridors
Where she does not play:
D, Drug-store
Where she's not an *habitué*.
E is the Energy
Not spent in squeals:
F is the Friends
Not discussed at her meals.
G is the General Good
Not all unsought:
H is Herself
Not ever in thought.

I's the Ideas
Not unceasingly voiced:
J, Jollity
Not everlastingly noised.
K is the Kind
That swells not the crowd:
L is for Lady
Ergo not for Loud.
M, Manners
Not challenging notice afar:
N is the names
Not let loose in the car.
O's for Opinions
Not all of this year:
P, Sidewalk Platoons
Where she does not appear.
Q is the Quiet
Not shunning her room:
R is the Rights
That she does not assume.
S is the Slang
Not approaching her lip:
T, Talk
Wherein no personalities dip.
U is the Uses
Not made of her head-tones:
V, the Village
She does not imagine her set owns.
W is for Wellesley
Not made by or through her
X-clusively
Though with due reference to her.
Y is for Youth
Not too young for College:
Z is for Zeal,
But according to knowledge.
Ampersand
Et cetera.

II.

EXPENSES during freshmen year at Wellesley :—

Room furnishings	$17.52
Required books	9.91
Other books	21.47

Stationery	$3.94
Laundry	23.37
Dues	6.25
Traveling expenses	14.56
Flowers	1.63
Eatables	5.11
Entertainments	7.41
Miscellanies	23.33
	$134.60

III.

"CAN a girl go through Wellesley on five hundred dollars a year?" Yes, she can, and she can also enter into the good times. To be sure, I am not in college now, but '95 is not so very far away; and we had class pins, class boats, and the cap and gown even then.

For the present, at least, it seems as if a *new* boat would not be one of the expenses of a class.

My account book was kept carefully, and in looking through it I find that, even including the cost of my clothes, my expenses seldom exceeded five hundred dollars. Social spreads can be given daintily and as one would wish, and still not be a drain on one's purse. This I know by practical experience.

A girl who has five hundred dollars a year to spend cannot be lavish, but she can enjoy college life and not deny herself the majority of "good times." If this is of any use to C. H. C. '84, I shall be glad that I fussed with accounts while at college.

H., '95.

IV.

THE strong desire which animates every Wellesley girl to encourage all would-be college girls to make her Alma Mater their own, urges me to add what little information I can give to the answers which the "five hundred dollars a year" question must call forth.

I fully appreciate that what I have to say is not very valuable, for reasons perfectly obvious to any one who reads this communication to the end; but if the Magazine editors print all sorts and conditions of answers, this may find a place and be of some slight use.

I can estimate my expenses in bulk only, for one of the things which I left undone during my college course was keeping my accounts, but I do know positively that I went through Wellesley on five hundred dollars a year, and never felt "shut out from the good times." My expenses fell under all the heads suggested on page thirty-two of the October Magazine, except society dues and assessments. In addition to those specifically mentioned, I indulged my love of flowers freely; and my "traveling expenses" included not only trips to Boston and other near-by places, but also my trips home at Christmas and in the spring,—and trips from Wellesley to Washington, D. C., are not small items of expense. My expenses under many of these heads were not as great as those of many other students, but my recollection is that my trips to town and various other pleasures were curtailed always for lack of time, never for lack of money.

So much for that side of the question. Now come some exceptions. First, and most serious, the charge for board and tuition was but three hundred and fifty dollars, instead of four hundred as at present. Still, when it is considered that my traveling expenses at both vacations are included in my estimate, and excluded in the question as asked in the Free Press, that additional fifty dollars does not look so large. I might also add that the money—not a very large sum—which I spent on Christmas presents was also included in what is beginning to appear to me as that magical five hundred dollars. The one other exception which I think necessary to note is, that at the close of my senior year I added somewhat to the legitimate five hundred. But that was largely due to a fit of rather unnecessary extravagance, which ought not to be allowed to vitiate the estimate as a whole.

Let me add that I was a member of the class crew during the latter part of my junior and all of my senior year; that I was a member of the Christian Association during the whole of my course, and of the College Settlements Association during at least one year; and took a comparatively active part in all class affairs.

ISABELLA CAMPBELL, '94.

REVIEWS.

THE last issue of the *American Journal of Psychology* contains the thesis submitted to the faculty of Cornell University, by Alice J. Hamlin, of Wellesley, '93, for the degree of doctor of philosophy. Miss Hamlin gained the degree after two years of very successful work, and held a Sage fellowship during her second year of study. The thesis is a scholarly discussion, theoretical and experimental, of "Attention and Distraction." Miss Hamlin is now professor of philosophy at Mount Holyoke College.

Kate Carnegie, by Ian Maclaren. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co. Linen, $1.50.

Dr. Watson, in this first experiment of his at novel writing, has left to a certain extent the beaten road where he has been so successful, for a new track, where he is, it seems to us, much less so. So far as the book deals with simple folk, and unique bits of Scotch character and incident, it is delightful. The Rabbi, Janet, John, and Rebecca, the shrewd and sentient Scotch farmers and country clergymen, and even at times Carmichael, the hero himself, but most of all the Rabbi, are characters that do not fail to interest even a dialect-satiated world. The incident of the Rabbi's report of Carmichael's heresy to the Presbytery, the strongest bit in the book, is told with the humor and pathos of the "Bonnie Brier Bush"; the struggle of the loving but conscience-driven old man with himself, of the friend with the Calvinist, is very touching. On the other hand, so far as the book follows conventional novel lines it is far less happy. The out-in-the-world young heroine moves somewhat automatically, and the love story runs but feebly through the far more interesting digressions.

Love in Old Cloathes, and Other Stories, by H. C. Bunner. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

This is a volume of short stories, taking its title from the first, and perhaps the most interesting of the tales. In "Love in Old Cloathes" we have the ever fascinating colonial dialect combined with a love tale of such very modern summer resorts as Babylon and Islip, Long Island. The result is certainly amusing. We learn that at an afternoon tea the lady was anhungered, and "She did eate and drynke as followeth, to witt:—

iij cupps of Bouillon (w^{ch} is a Tea or Tisane of Beafe, made verie hott & thinne).
iv Alberte biscuit.
ij éclairs.
i creame cake.

together with divers small cates and comfeits wh^{of} I know not ye names."

Modern slang looks curious in these "old cloathes." References to "y^{e} Ladde W^{mson}," who is finally "layd by y^{e} Hceles," take us much by surprise.

The story ends happily with a wedding, as is fitting for such a bright and interesting attempt.

Among the six other stories of the volume, we notice "A Letter and a Paragraph," contrasting with the first, by its sombreness. We hope that its dreariness is overdrawn, and that few young journalists live and die as sadly as the writer of "A Letter."

"Our Aromatic Uncle" is at once funny and sad. "The Red Silk Handkerchief," and "As One Having Authority," show the same mingled elements of pathos and humor, and are simply and easily told.

This, in fact, is the best thing about these seven short stories. They are simply and unaffectedly done. They do not claim to be more than they are, and we like them for just what they are—wholesome, credible tales, lightly and gracefully told.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Land o' the Leal," by David Lyall. Dodd, Mead & Co. Linen, $1.00.

The Vicar of Wakefield. Edited by James Gilbert Riggs, A.M. Students' Series of English Classics. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. Linen, 35 cts.

We would call attention to the *Wellesley Calendar* for 1897, which is on sale at the bookstore.

The kindness of the librarians enables us to print this list of the books added to the College Library in October and November. Each issue hereafter will contain a list of the books added since the preceding issue.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, '96.

I. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Bates, A., Talks on Writing English.
Brewster, W. F., Studies in Structure and Style.
Chamberlain, A. F., Child and Childhood in Folk Thought.
Garnett, R., W. Blake.
Gosse, E., Critical Kit-kats.
Hawthorne, J., and Lemmon, S., American Literature.
Hutton, R. H., Criticisms on Contemporary Thought.
Strachan, J., and Wilkins, A. S., Analecta.
Watson, J., Mind of the Master.

II. HISTORY AND ECONOMICS.

Cassel, P., Ahasuerus.
Cesaresco, E. M., Contessa di., Liberation of Italy.
Curtis, G. T., Constitutional History of the United States. V. 2.
Emerton, E., Introduction to the Middle Ages.
Feilden, H. St. C., Short Constitutional History of England. 3d ed.
Follett, M. P., Speaker of the House of Representatives.
Gardiner, S. R., History of England from James I. to the Civil War. 10 v.
Giddings, F. H., Principles of Sociology.
Haigh, A. E., Attic Theatre.
Holm, A., History of Greece. V. 1, 2.
Lothrop, T. K., W. H. Seward.
Mahaffy, J. P., Empire of the Ptolemies.
McCurdy, J. F., History, Prophecy and the Monuments. V. 2. (Gertrude.)
Medley, D. J., Students' Manual of Constitutional History.
Mill, J. S., Utilitarianism.
Mombert, J. T., Short History of the Crusades.
New York State Board of Charities, Annual Reports 1888–94.
Renan, E., History of the People of Israel. 5 v.
Spahr, C. B., Present Distribution of Wealth in United States.
Stimson, F. Y., Handbook to the Labor Law of the United States.
Tarbell, T. M., Madame Roland.
Walker, F. A., International Bimetallism.
Willoughby, W. W., Nature of the State.

III. FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Goethe, Werke, hrsg. von Sachsen.
Landolt & Börnstein, Phys. Chem. Tabellen. 2 aufl.

IV. PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics; tr. by F. H. Peters. 6th ed.
Berkeley (G.), Selections, notes by Fraser. 4th ed.

Halleck, R. P., Psychology and Psychic Culture.
Hegel, Philosophy of Right, tr. by S. W. Dyde.
Hopkins, E. W., Religions of India.
Hume, D., Treatise on Human Nature; ed. by Selby Bigge.
James, W., Principles of Psychology. 2 v.
Johnson, F., Quotations of the New Testament.
Leibnitz, New Essays Concerning Human Understanding.
Moulton, R. G., ed., Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy, Judges, Kings, Biblical Idyls.
Seth, James, Ethical Principles.
Sigwart, C., Logic. 2d ed. rev. 2 v.
Stewart, J. A., Notes on Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. 2 v.
Thomson, J. E. H., Books which Influenced Our Lord. (Gertrude.)
Warren, H. C., tr., Buddhism in Translations.

V. SCIENCE.

Comey, A. M., Dictionary of Chemical Solubilities.
Fuller, A. S., Nut Culturist.
Gaye, S., Great World's Farm.
Hall, H. S., and Knight, S. R., Elementary Algebra. 2d ed.
Halleck, R. P., Education of the Central Nervous System.
Kemp, J. F., Handbook of Rocks.
Lubbock, J., Scenery of Switzerland.
Merriman, M., and Woodward, R. S., eds. Higher Mathematics.
Russell, T. C., Lakes of North America.
Tarr, R. S., Elementary Physical Geography.
Taylor, J. M., College Algebra. 2d ed.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE ART LIBRARY.

Destrie, O. G., Renaissance of Sculpture in Belgium.
Garnett, R., Richmond on the Thames.
(Peyrol, R.), Rosa Bonheur.
Phillips, C., Picture Gallery of Charles I.
Waern, C., La Farge.
Weale, W. H. J., Gerard David.

EXCHANGES.

The *Amherst Literary Monthly* for November contains a short article on "Jasmin, Barber Poet," and a story, "A Début by Proxy," which is rather cleverly told and unpretentious in theme.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is an especially attractive number. A description of the Vassar Student's Association is of timely interest to Wellesley.

"Benegria," a story of a little Moravian sister, is the best tale of the number; while a prize poem, "The Ballad of the Poplar Tree," by Nancy Vincent McClelland, has merit quite unusual for college verse. The length of the ballad unfortunately forbids us to quote it, but we give the following verses from the same pages:—

INDIAN SUMMER.

Far off the purple hills in silence sleep,
Wrapped in a mist that from the river's breast
Rises, tracing its unseen course, to veil their crest;
While nearer western slopes the sunbeams steep
In shining gold that burnished tree-tops keep.
The russet fields from summer's toil at rest,
Their wage in yellow corn and pumpkins reap,
And still with scattered lingering flowers are drest.
The odorous murmuring pines to-day are still;
Soft clouds hang motionless in a pale sky;
The sweetness and the silence stay my will
Like poppies' scent, while in soft melody
The crickets chirp. Deep peace and rest now fill
The earth and soothe my heart to harmony.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

"The Prisoners of the Tower," in *The Morningside*, for November 27, is a readable story, although the incidents on which it rests are not easily to be believed. The manner of the tale is fashioned after the school of Mr. Weyman and Mr. Anthony Hope.

The Mount Holyoke for October comes to us later than usual this year, because of the disaster which befell the College in the fall. The magazine office, which was in the main hall, was, of course, burned. The greatest interest of the issue is in the story of the fire. A number of articles on this subject, together with a brief sketch or two, make up the number.

The *Yale Courant* has published some clever verse lately. "The Ballad of Marian May," and the "Legend of Dappledown Shire in the County of Derry," are both too long to quote. "An Etching," by Forsyth Wiekes in the *Courant* for the third week of November, we give below. "La Femme Barbe" in the last October issue should also be noticed as a well-written tale.

AN ETCHING.

Heather and bracken o'er hill and dale,
Bright sun hid by a cloudy veil,
West wind over the mountain's crest,
Fing'ring the foam of the swift burns breast,
A silken thread on the rapids cast—
A swirl in the current racing past,
Silvery gleams in the depths below,
Foam ripples circling, fading slow.
Now in the pool by Granite rock,
A turn, a twist, a sudden shock,
Over the tossing burn a flash,
Down by the rapids a sounding splash,
Parted the strands of silken thread,
Deep in the burn the game has fled;
Heather and bracken o'er hill and dale,
Sky to the east a dreary pale.

—*Yale Courant.*

By far the best verse of the month is "Theocritus in Egypt," by W. D. Makepeace, in the current number of the *Yale Literary Monthly*. Two short stories "The Clients that Never Came," and "Littera Lu Bella," are also worthy of remark. We cannot forbear to quote the "Theocritus."

THEOCRITUS IN EGYPT.

(The Court poet remembers his youth.)

The North wind sleeping in the palms,
The birds, the languid-lying sea,
Are lisping, crying, whispering,
"Come homeward! Come to Sicily!"

It brings not back youth's fabled fire,
This age-chilled wine of Ptolemy;
The draughts of passion, life, desire
I drained in golden Sicily.

Some sorrows are too deep for tears,
Some are the fountains whence tears spring;
My soul's decay too sad to sing
Save in the dirge of passing years;
For empty all my life has passed,
Like idle clouds that sail the sea—
A long processional of days—

In babbling hireling songs of praise,
An exile from fair Sicily.

. . . . . .

The noon-tide heat casts o'er the city's face
Its daily pall of dull serenity.
Fainter the whisper grows; I scarce can trace
Its pleading, "Come to Sicily."

—*Yale Literary Monthly.*

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Sunday, November 29.—President Hyde.

Monday, November 30.—Lecture and recital of Irish songs. Mr. Frederick Bancroft.

Saturday, December 5.—Reading. Mrs. Deland.

Sunday, December 6.—President Hyde.

Monday, December 7.—Concert.

Saturday, December 12.—Lecture. Mrs. Helen Campbell.

Sunday, December 13.—Dr. A. H. Bradford.

Monday, December 14.—Art Lecture.

Wednesday, December 16.—Christmas vacation begins.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Classical Society held its regular programme meeting, Saturday evening, October 24. The subject was Æschylus. The following was the programme:—

a. Symposium.

I. Latest News from Classic Lands.

II. Summaries of the Principal Dramas of Æschylus.

b. I. Discussion.

a. The Religious Attitude of Æschylus — Carolyn J. Peck.

b. The Literary Art of Æschylus . Grace B. Townsend.

II. Passage from the Agamemnon (lines 821–947) . . . . . Florence E. Hastings.
Harriet W. Carter.

A regular meeting of the Phi Sigma was held on Saturday, November 14, with the following programme:—

Subject: The Symbolic Aspect of Greek Mythology.
Nature Symbolism . . . . . Mary Finlay
Statuary: Group of Goddesses.
Reading: Homer's Hymn to Mercury . . Mary Hamblet.
Statuary: Group of Muses.
Spirit Symbolism . . . . . Katharine Pinkham.
Statuary: Orpheus and Eurydice.
Reading: Sill's Venus de Milo . . . Amelia Ely.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held November 21, with the following programme:—

Impromptu Speeches.

The Settlement of the Venezuelan Question . . . . . Helen Davis, '99.
The Latest Propositions in regard to Armenia . . . . . Mary North, '97.
The Conduct of the Free Silver Party since the Election . . . . Mary Cross, '98.

Papers.

An Analysis of the Vote of the Elections, Gertrude Devol, '97.
The Tactics of the Last Campaign . . Miriam Hathaway, '97.
The Electoral College . . . . Olive Young, '99.

The Agora celebrated its sixth birthday on Wednesday evening, November 11. Miss Cobb, '96, was present.

A regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on Saturday night, November 28.

Misses Alice Childs, '98, Rachel Hoge, '98, Edith Tewksbury, '99, and Helen Kenyon, '99, were initiated into the society.

The following was the programme:—

General Subject,—Glimpses of Spanish Life contemporary with Don Quixote.

I. Church Life . . . . . Louise S. Wetmore.
II. Court Life . . . . . Martha M. Smith.
III. Peasant Life . . . . . Margaret L. Wheeler.
IV. Spanish Amusements . . . Helen Burton.
V. Current Topic—The Cuban Question . . . . . Alexina G. Booth.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held November 28. Miss Hart and Miss Elizabeth Cheney, Miss Mary Gilson and Miss Margaret Merrill, were received into the Society. The programme was as follows:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Joanna Oliver.
II. The Contrast between the Personal and Political Elements of Henry IV. . Edna Patterson.
III. Dramatic Representation, Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.
IV. The Career of Falstaff . . . . Florence Bennett.
V. Dramatic Representation, Henry IV., Part I., Act V., Scene 5.

Miss Adams, Miss Emerson, and Miss Dodge were present at the meeting.

The Society of Tau Zeta Epsilon held a meeting on Saturday evening, November 28. The following programme was presented:—

Report on Current Art . . . . . Edith R. Meade.
Modern American Architecture.
1. Domestic . . . . . Margaret Weed.
2. Public . . . . . Ethel Norton.
3. Architects of Our Time . . Grace M. Dennison.

Miss Margarethe Müller was initiated into the Society.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Monday evening, November 16, a concert was given by Miss Geraldine Morgan, violinist; Mr. Paul Morgan, 'cellist; and Mr. Ericsson Bushnell, basso. The College remembered the interesting concert given by Mr.

and Miss Morgan last winter, and was fully represented at this concert. Everyone present enjoyed it greatly.

On Wednesday evening, November 18, the Dean was at home in the Faculty parlor to some of the College Hall sophomores. Several of the teachers were also present. These informal receptions of Miss Stratton's have been more than pleasant, and are much appreciated by those to whom they have been given.

On Saturday afternoon, November 21, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer spoke in the chapel on "Some Recent Impressions on Education in France and England." President Irvine introduced ex-President Palmer in a few words, to which the latter replied in a way most interesting to the audience. Mrs. Palmer then spoke of the comparative newness of the French educational system, and especially of the rigidity of the university system. The subject was almost unknown to many of the audience, and the lecture was thus most valuable.

Professor Palmer of Cambridge, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and Miss Sprague of Radcliffe, spent Sunday, November 22, at Norumbega.

On Saturday night, November 21, a reception was held in the Horsford parlor for Professor and Mrs. Palmer. Many of the Faculty were present, and among the guests was Rev. Mrs. Annis F. Eastman, of Elmira.

On the same night the senior class held its first class social of the year in the gymnasium. It was an Old Folks' Party, as the costumes showed. The Class history, "A History of Folly," as it was called, was presented. The freshmen say that later in the evening several of the Faculty met themselves in the corridors, and that two Presidents and two Deans shook hands.

On Sunday, November 22, Rev. Mrs. Annis F. Eastman, of Elmira, preached in the chapel. Mrs. Eastman is an Oberlin woman, and a friend of the Oberlin alumnæ on the Wellesley Faculty. She stayed until Monday, and spoke again at the vesper service. The College would be glad to hear her often.

There was neither concert nor lecture on Monday evening, November 23, and many small events took the place of the general one.

Miss Floyd Smith and Miss Myrtle Brotherton, of '97, entertained a few of the seniors in Society Hall.

An Old Maids' Party was given by Misses Baker, Baxter, Capron, and Moore, '98, to some of their own class.

The Thanksgiving recess began at noon, Wednesday, November 25. A large part of the College left town.

On Thanksgiving Day the freshmen living in the village were entertained at dinner at Stone Hall.

College reopened at noon, Friday, November 27.

On Friday afternoon, November 27, Dr. Alice Walton, of the Art department, lectured on "The Excavations and Discoveries about Ilium," before the Homer class and others interested in the subject.

On Friday night, November 27, Miss Baldwin, '98, gave a small mediæval party for Miss Grace Parker, of Brooklyn.

On Saturday afternoon, November 28, Miss Godfrey gave a library talk in the chapel.

In the evening, the Barn Swallows gave their long-delayed Hallowe'en entertainment in the gymnasium. It was a dramatization, by the committee in charge, of the Canterville Ghost, followed by a Ghost Drill on the "Battle of Blenheim." The cast of the play was as follows:—

Mr. Otis, an American who has bought the Canterville estate in England .	Austana Angell, Sp.
Mrs. Otis	Alma Seipp, '99.
Jack Otis, Yale, '96	Geraldine Gordon, 1900.
Virginia Otis, a fascinating girl . .	Grace Ball, '97.
Otis twins, twelve years old { Diavolo .	Gertrude Underhill, '98.
{ Angelica,	Alice Knox, 1900.
Mrs. Umley, former housekeeper to the Cantervilles	Katharine Pinkham, '97.
Duke of Cheshire, in love with Virginia	Eleanor Brooks, '98.
The Canterville Ghost	Mary Simonds, '97.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Maud A. Dodge, '88, and Elizabeth F. Abbe, '88, Professor in Mt. Holyoke College, spent the Thanksgiving vacation at Wellesley.

Inez de Lashmutt, '92, is teaching English in the University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.

During the greater part of August and September, Caroline Newman, '93, was entertained by Winifred Watson, formerly of '96, in Portland and Southern Oregon. They accompanied the Mozamas, a Pacific Coast mountain climbing club, on a two weeks' outing to Mt. Pitt and Crater Lake, in the Cascade Range. Miss Newman is teaching this year in the Nelson Seminary, in Shreveport, Louisiana. In addition to this work she has private pupils.

Edith Whitlock, '96, has been compelled by ill health to leave her position in San Antonio, Texas. She is now with her brother at College Station, Texas.

Louise Tayler, '96, spent Thanksgiving at the College.

Maude E. Capron, '96, is teaching Chemistry and Physics in the Ansonia (Conn.) High School.

Mabel Haseltine and Laura Northup, '96, are at home in Portland, Oregon.

Winifred Watson, formerly of '96, is teaching in the public schools of Portland, Oregon.

The address of Mrs. R. M. Manly, formerly instructor in English at Wellesley, is 435 Grant Avenue, San Diego, California.

The November meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held on Saturday, November 21, at the home of Mrs. Hitchings, 264 West 93d Street, New York. Miss Katherine P. Jones, '85, by lecture and photographs, gave the club a most charming hour with the "Great Masters of the Sixteenth Century."

MARRIAGES.

Shedd–Stone.—In Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1896, Miss Maude A. Stone, formerly of '97, to Mr. Kendrick P. Shedd.

DEATHS.

At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Wednesday, November 25, Adaline B. Glass, mother of Cleona Glass, '94.

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Mr. Hearn thanks Wellesley students for their past valued patronage, and would be pleased to submit prices and samples, with a view to his possible selection as Class Photographer for Wellesley '97.

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PENHALLOW TALES, by *Edith Robinson*, with cover design by C. B. Murphy. Cloth, octavo, $1.25.
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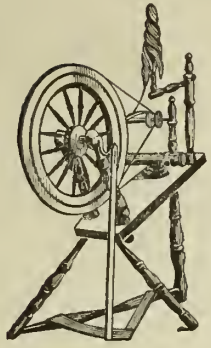

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